The Highland Weekly News.

J. L. BOARDMAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

For the News.

REPLY TO "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE."

BY A CHOPPER.

Poet, spare *that* muse—
Touch not a single string—
A lyre should not use
A woodman like a thing.

I will not spare this tree,
Whose tow'ring boughs aspire;
My father committed me
To let them grow no higher.

I sought to till the ground,
And saved the tree for pride—
It cast its shades around
The corn on either side.

It caught the genial rays
In transit from the sky,
So, poet, cease its praise—
It kills, and it must die!

The rot is at its roots,
The worm feeds on its leaf,
All withered are its shoots,
Then poet, stay thy grief.

While yet its trunk is free
From blight and foul decay,
I'll fell this goodly tree
With profit while I may.

Before it grew so tall,
I sheltered 'neath its shade,
But now its certain fall
I hasten with my blade.

It creaks, groans, wavers—see!
Now trembling at each blow,
With thund'ring crash the tree
Falls headlong and lies low!

It had not been hewn down,
Nor axe against it rung,
Had it not cast a frown
On earth, from whence it sprung.

The Home Circle.

FIRST LOVE.

The following beautiful poem, by Mrs. Howe, the gifted authoress of "Passion Flowers," seems the genuine utterance of a woman's soul—earnest, tender, sadly sweet—There is truth in it that many wives and mothers will feel:

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed;
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out we hope was dead;
And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear,
Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed, His care;
And yet I know, the Shepherd loves his sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.

Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!
We are all changed. God judges for us best.
God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear
Too cold at times; and some too gay and light;
Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear;
Who knows the past? And who can judge us right.

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt too fall!
My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all.

The Thriftless Wife.

"The discomfort of the poor man's home is often the thriftless wife."

The observation of many years has convinced me, that two causes operate largely in producing thriftless wives,—*false views of respectability, and actual ignorance of economy.*

A bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl once expressed great astonishment at seeing the lady with whom she lived, mending a calico dress. "Why, Mrs. M., do *you* mend such old things?" "To be sure I do, don't you?" "No indeed, (with a toss of her head,) you won't find many *poor* people that would mend the like of that!"

The next day Mrs. M. found a piece of Chrissy's old dress used for scouring brass, though ample materials were provided for such purposes. The poor girl was miserably destitute of useful garments, while every penny of her wages was expended for flimsy articles, that were showy and fashionable! It required many weeks of patient effort to convince Chrissy that she would be more truly respectable by dressing according to her station, and means, than by aping the wealthy. But at length right impressions were received, and the work of economy commenced. Appropriate purchases were made, and Chrissy's resources husbanded with care. For instance, "Here are two old calicoes, Mrs. M., that I can't wear any more, what shall I do with them?" "The best breadths we'll take for a quilted skirt, and make an apron or two beside. Stop Chrissy, don't throw that waist away.—It must be carefully ripped. Here's a box for the hooks and eyes, and the cord can be sewed together to use again."—"Well—if that don't beat all, and cord is only a penny a roll." "Never mind, you must save it. Ten pennies make a dime, ten dimes a dollar, and with a dollar you can buy a new dress." A bright flash passed over her speaking face, the idea was perfectly novel. "This waist lining, you see, is perfectly good, if starched and ironed, will do for a new calico. Here are some pieces that you can quilt for holders, you'll want them when you get married." What a merry laugh, (she was only fifteen,) and how her black eyes sparkled. "Last of all, here is a rag bag for the oldest pieces, —when you go to housekeeping you can buy tin pans to bake your bread in, from the contents of the rag bag."

Years passed rapidly. In due time Chrissy married a widower with two children. During a visit to Mrs. M., she described her snug home, told how nicely she fitted up the little girls with their mother's old dresses, how her husband praised her economy and good housekeeping. Then with a sudden burst of feeling, she caught Mrs. M.'s hand and kissing it, exclaimed, "I owe it all to you, I've told my husband so a hundred times; I can never thank you enough for giving me right views of life, and teaching me economy."—*Correspondent of the Cleveland Herald.*

GENTLE WORDS.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower;
The eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To sanctify the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will sometimes spring up in "the best of families," "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to be the first to advance towards a reconciliation?" "The best natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her rosy mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She had conquered!

A very learned man has said, "The three hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, *"I was mistaken;"* and when Frederick the Great wrote his letter to the Senate—"I have just lost a great battle, and it was entirely my own fault"—Goldsmith says, "This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories."

Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible; and sometime after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused party is struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault, and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it.

The man who wins fifty dollars without working for it thinks less afterwards of every fifty dollars he ever earns, and spends it so much more freely that he very soon finds himself a pecuniary loser by his winning. So says the Philadelphia Ledger; and this is the best, if not the whole argument against betting.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How to get a Tight Ring off a Finger.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with strong thread; pass the head of the needle, with care, under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread, and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

Zinc Paint.—It is estimated that 100 pounds of white zinc paint will cover, when applied in three coats, on new work, as much surface as 166⅔ pounds of pure white lead. The white zincs, even when exposed to coal, gas, bilge water and sulphurous vapors, retain their original brilliancy and whiteness. Apartments just painted with white zinc may be slept in with impunity; whereas, according to the best authority, rooms should not be used for sleeping apartments for two or three months after being painted with lead.

Perfect Cake.—One pint of flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, one tea spoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda or saleratus, a piece of butter as large as a walnut.

The following method of removing grease-spots from woollen cloth may be tried: Mix three ounces of spirits of wine with three ounces of French chalk and one ounce of pipe-clay. Apply the mixture wet to the spot; when dry, brush it off.

Indelible Ink.—(that is *indelible.*)—Six cents worth of muriatic acid—one table spoonful of soft water—one drop of vinegar.—*Count. Gent.*

Camphorated Ice.—Equal parts of spermaceti, lard, white wax and camphor gum—simmer them all together, and it will cure almost everything.—*ib.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

For the News.

Mathematical Question.

If the altitude of a cone is 9 feet, 4.12 inches, and 330 yds. of tape one inch in width will cover it from the base half way to the vertex, how many yards will cover the whole cone, and what is the circumference of its base?

T. HOM, Penn Tp.

For the News.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 8, 3, 5, 11, is a small part of a tree.
My 2, 10, 17, is an animal.
My 13, 5, 1, is much used by men.
My 4, 5, 12, is the name of an insect.
My 7, 5, 4, 8, 17, is used in every family.
My 13, 16, 6, is the nickname of a girl.
My 8, 14, 5, 15, is an ailment of some barrels.
My 9, 17, 17, 18, is something that people eat.
My whole is an event that occurred in the Revolutionary War. CLATE H.

☞ Answer to Geo. apparent Enigma in last week's paper, "The Mediterranean Sea."
Answer to Philosophical Problem, 284 miles

Conn.—When is the weather favorable to hay making? When it "rains pitchforks."
What kind of tree is that which never sprouts, and becomes smaller the older it grows? Axle-tree.

KIZZY KRINGLE'S STORY.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

I am an old maid. Perhaps I might have been married and perhaps not.—Perhaps not. I don't know as it is anybody's business.

I have a little room I call my own.—There's the bedstead in it, covered with a patched quilt, made of as many colors as "Joseph's coat," and an old-fashioned bureau with great claw feet, and a chair whose cushion is stuffed with cotton batting; a wash-stand and a table and a looking-glass over it. At the side of the looking-glass is a picture of Daniel Webster, which I look at oftener than in the looking-glass—for I am an ugly old maid, and Daniel was one of a thousand.

Old maids like to have a good time, as well as other folks; so I don't shut myself up moping in my little salt-box of a room. When the four walls close too tight around me, there are four or five families where I go visiting, sometimes to breakfast, (for I'm an early riser,) sometimes to tea, sometimes to dinner, and sometimes to all three, sometimes I stay all night.

Everybody is glad to see me, because I pay my way. If the baby has the colic, I tend it; if Johnny wants a new tail to his kite, I make it; if Susy has torn her best frock, I mend it; if Papa comes slily up to me and slips a dickey into my hand, I sew the missing string on, and say nothing.

I have lately made the acquaintance of a new family, by the name of Tompkins; and very clever people they are, too. They have a whole housefull of children—not one too many, according to my way of thinking. Louisas and Jennys, and Marthas and Marys, and Tommys and Johnnys, besides a little baby that its mother has never had time to name.

I love to watch little children. I love to hear them talk when they don't think I'm listening. I love to read to them, and to watch their eyes sparkle. I love to play with them, and walk with them. They are often much pleasanter company than grown people—at least so Kizzy thinks. But that is only an old maid's opinion.

I hadn't visited at the Tompkins' long, before I noticed that little "Luly," as they called her, was one by herself; that is, she was not a favorite with the rest of the family. At first I did not not understand how it was, and I felt *very much like saying* I didn't like it; for Luly seemed to be a nice little girl, and playful as a little kitty. She was always laughing, singing, and dancing, now in at one door, and now out of the other, like a will-o'-the-wisp or a jack-o'-lantern. Why on earth they didn't like Luly, I could not see. Being an old maid, of course I could not rest easy until I found out the reason of this; and I soon did it, as you'll see, if you read on to the end of my story.

One day Luly came to me, saying:

"Tell me a story, there's a good Kizzy, I'm tired of running round."

Well, I knit to my seam needle, and then I took her on my lap, and began:

Once there was a little girl whose name was Violetta. She had never kept still five minutes since she was born, and I suppose the shoemakers were very glad of it. She was as much of a little squirrel as a little girl could be—nibbling from sunrise to sunset.

Whenever Violetta came into the room everybody looked uneasy. If her papa was writing, he'd lay one hand over his papers, and push his inkstand as far as possible into the middle of the table; mamma would catch up her work-basket and put it in her lap; her little brothers and sisters would all scramble up their playthings, and run; even the little baby would crawl on its hands and knees as fast as it could, and catch hold of its mother's gown.

You might be sure if you laid a thing out of your hand, you would never find it in the same spot where you left it, if Violetta were in the room. She would run off with your scissors, your bodkin, your needle-book, and your spool of cotton; she could stuff your handkerchief in her pocket by mistake; she'd try your spectacles on to her kitten, and tie your new tippet on the dog Ponto's neck.

Then she would run into the kitchen and dip her finger into the preserves, and upset the egg-basket, and open the oven-door, and let the heat all out when the pies were baking, and leave the cover off the sugar bucket, and dip into the milk to feed her kitty and disturb the cream, and nibble round a loaf of fresh cake, just as a little mouse.

Well, of course everybody disliked her, and hated to see her come where they were. She never got invited anywhere, because nothing was safe from her Paul Pry fingers; and when company came she generally got sent out of the room. It was a great pity, because she was a pretty little girl, and a bright one, too.

"Oh, Miss Kizzy," said Luly, "I never will do so any more, I—"

"Why, Luly, I didn't say *you* did so; I was talking about Violetta."

"Oh, but it is just like *me*," said the honest little girl; "I have done all these things, Miss Kizzy—every one of them; but I did not think it would make everybody hate me. I want to be loved, Miss Kizzy; but you do not know how dreadful hard it is for a little girl to 'keep still.'"

"Yes I do, Luly; and you needn't 'keep still,' as you call it, but you mustn't meddle with what don't belong to you. I see how it is; you are a very active little girl, and want something to do all the time. I'll ask your mother to let you go to school—(Luly frowned)—for my Luly."

"Oh, that's so nice," said Luly. "Don't get a bench—will you? Don't make me sit up straight. Don't make me fold up my hands, and keep my toes still—will you, Miss Kizzy?"

Well, Luly came to my school, and stood up or sat down, just as she liked. She was the only scholar I had, so I was not particular about that, but after she had learned to read, she would "keep still" for hours together without minding it, if you'd only give her a book.

Poor little Luly; she didn't *mean* to be naughty; she only wanted something to do. She is one of the best little girls now that ever carried a satchel.—*Fanny Fern.*

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is so busied, so unwearied—bitter, bitter, is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave, and think of the past; it seems an amber-covered pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. Nothorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead. The dear head that has so often laid upon your bosom now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that administered so untiringly are faded, white, and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulders now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur—"Oh, it is too sad!" There is a strange hush in every room! No smile to greet you at nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks, and ticks! It was sweet music when she could hear it! Now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon the sweet face. But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is often by your side, an angel presence.—Cherish those emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all *new* and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory.

The Philanthropy of Common Life.

There are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall, in its form and outward course, be more spiritual and divine than that which they are obliged to live. They think that if they could devote themselves entirely to what are called the labors of philanthropy, to visiting the poor and sick, that would be well and worthy—and so it would be. They think that if it could be inscribed on their tombstones that they had visited a million of couches of disease, and carried balm and soothing to them, that would be a glorious record—and so it would be. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come—ay, in the ordinary paths of life, in your houses and by your firesides—wherein you may act as nobly as if all your life long you had visited beds of sickness and pain.

Yes, I say, the million occasions will come, varying every hour, in which you may restrain your passions, subdue your hearts to gentleness and patience, resign your own interest to another's advantage, speak words of kindness and wisdom, raise the fallen, and cheer the fainting and sick in spirit, and soften and assuage the weariness and bitterness of the mortal lot. These cannot, indeed, be written on your tombs, for they are not one series of specific actions, like those of what is technically denominated philanthropy. But in them, I say, you may discharge offices not less glorious for yourselves than the self-denials of the far-famed sisters of charity, than the labors of Howard or Oberlin, or than the sufferings of the martyred host of God's elect. They shall not be written on your tombs, but they are written deep in the hearts of men—of friends, of children, of kindred all around you; they are written in the secret book of the great account!—*Orville Dewey.*

Street Salutations.—Ladies should bow to their acquaintances when they meet them in walking.—courtesying is rather an awkward undertaking. It is a good rule to salute another with at least as much formality as is used towards one's self, unless it be necessary in some particular instance to repress undue familiarity, when a feeling of self-respect will dictate the proper degree of reserve to be manifested. If there has been a formal introduction by some mutual friend, and you are placed on the footing of an acquaintance, as if at home or at the house of a mutual friend, the individual thus introduced is to be regarded as a regular acquaintance.

Mind and Body.—By too much sitting still, the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite its oppressor.—Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.

Courtesy—Think of This.—The power of diffusing happiness is not the exclusive power of the rich. All are capable of it. The poorest man can cheer me by his affection, or distress me by his hatred and contempt. Every man is dependent on another. A piece of neglect, even from the lowest and most contemptible of men is fit to ruffle the serenity of my happiness, and a civil attention, even from the humblest of our land, carries a gracious and exhilerating influence along with it. Let me never hear, then, that the poor have nothing in their power. They have it in their power to give or withhold the smiles of affection and sincerity, of a tender attachment. Let not the humble offerings of poverty be disregarded. The man of sentiment knows how to value them; he prizes them as the best of beneficence. They lighten the weary anxieties of this world, and carry him on with a cheerful heart to the end of his journey.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

A Cheerful Philosophy.—The following truthful passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books:

"There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it; whilst what is good goes at best like sunshine, quietly through the world."

The Use of Little Time.—One of the hours each day wasted on trifles or indolence, saved, and daily devoted to improvement, is enough to make an ignorant man wise in ten years—to provide the luxury of intelligence to a mind torpid from lack of thought—to brighten up and strengthen faculties perishing with rust—to make life a fruitful field, and death a harvest of glorious deeds.

The Habit of Smoking.—Mr. Solly, the eminent writer on the brain, says, in a late clinical lecture on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain:

"I would caution you, as students, from excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am satisfied now that smoking is a most noxious habit. I knew of no other cause or agent that tends so much to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic diseases of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco."

A member of the South Carolina Legislature, an old bachelor by the name of Evans, got off the following jeu d'esprit recently. He was introduced to a beautiful widow, also named Evans. The introduction was in this wise:

"Mrs. Evans, permit me to present you to Mr. Evans."

"Mrs. Evans!" exclaimed the spirited bachelor, "the very lady I have been in search of for the last eighty years."

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand.

"What is the reason," said an Irishman to another, "that you and your wife are always disagreeing?"

"Because," replied Pat, "we are *both of one mind:* she wants to be master, and so do I."

Money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

Wit and Humor.

"Is He Fat?"—A Ghost Story.

One of the most remarkable cases of sudden cure of disease of long standing, was that of a rheumatic individual, with which is connected an amusing ghost story. There were a couple of men, in some old settled part of the country, who were in the habit of robbing churchyards of the burial clothes of the dead. There was a public road leading by a meeting-house where there was a graveyard, and not far off on the road was a tavern.

Early one moonlight night, while one of the thieves was engaged in robbing a grave, the other went off to steal a sheep. The first one, having accomplished his business, wrapped the shroud around him, and took his seat in the meeting-house, door, awaiting the coming of his companion. A man on foot, passing along the road towards the tavern, took him to be a ghost, and alarmed almost death, ran as fast as his feet could carry him to the tavern, which he reached out of breath.

As soon as he could speak, he declared that he had seen a ghost, robed in white, sitting in the church-door. But nobody would believe him. He then declared that if any of them would go back, they might be convinced. But incredulous as all were, not one could be found who had the courage to go. At length a man who was so afflicted with rheumatism that he could not walk, declared he would go with him if he could only walk or get there. The man then offered to carry him on his back, took him up, and off they went.

When they got in sight, sure enough there it was, as he had said. Wishing to satisfy themselves well, and to get as near a view of his ghostship as possible in the dim light, they kept venturing up nearer and nearer. The man with the shroud round him, took them to be his companion with a sheep on his back, and asked in a low tone of voice—

"Is he fat?"

Meeting with no reply, he repeated his question, raising his voice higher—

"*Is he fat?*"

No reply again, when he exclaimed, in a vehement tone—

"Is he fat?"

This was enough. The man with the other on his back replied—

"Fat or lean, you may have him;" and dropping the invalid, travelled back to the tavern as fast as his feet would carry him. But he had scarcely gotten there, when along came the invalid on foot too! The sudden fright had cured him of his rheumatism, and from that time forward he was a well man!

This is said to have been a real occurrence.

A Case of Conscience.

"Friend Broadbrim," said Zephaniah Straightlace to his master, a rich Quaker of the City of Brotherly Love, "thou can't not eat of that leg of mutton at thy noontide table to-day."

"Wherefore not?" asked the good Quaker."

"Because the dog that appertaineth to that son of Belial, whom the world calleth Lawyer Foxcraft, hath come into thy pantry and stolen it—yea, and he hath eaten it up."

"Beware, friend Zephaniah, of bearing false witness against thy neighbor.—Art thou sure it was friend Foxcraft's domestic animal?"

"Yea, verily, I saw it with my eyes, and it was Lawyer Foxcraft's dog; even Pinch'em."

"Upon what evil times have we fallen!" sighed the harmless secretary as he wended his way to his neighbor's office. "Friend Gripus," said he, "I want to ask thy opinion."

"I am all attention," replied the scribe, laying down his pen.

"Supposing, friend Foxcraft, that my dog has gone into thy neighbor's pantry, and stolen therefrom a leg of mutton, and I saw him, and could call him by name, what ought I to do?"

"Pay for the mutton, nothing can be clearer."

"Know thou, friend Foxcraft, thy dog, even the beast men denominate Pinch'em, hath stolen from my pantry a leg of mutton, of the just value of four shillings and sixpence, which I paid for it in market this morning."

"O, well, then it is my opinion that I must pay for it;" and having done so, the worthy friend turned to depart.

"Tarry yet a little, friend Broadbrim," cried the lawyer. "Of a verity I have yet farther to say unto thee. Thou owest me nine shillings—for advice."

"Then verily I must pay thee, and it is my opinion that I have touched pitch, and been defiled."

A Veritable Dogberry.—A Mayor of one of the *Communes* in France lately made the following entry upon his register:

"I, Mayor of ——, found yesterday, in the forest of ——, a man by the name of Rollin, committing an act against the laws. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely, calling me a rag-a-muffin, an ass, and a precious dolt, and a scarecrow—*all of which I certify to be true.*"

Good when Opened!—"Ike Cook," Senator Douglas's boon companion, has been superceded in the Chicago Post Office by Wm. Price. Cook's demijohn of brandy, laid up with religious care for drinking when Douglas is President, will be good before it is opened, that is, supposing the popular notion that age improves the vintage is well founded.

[Springfield (Mass.) Rep.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.—The Swansea Herald gives the following lines, which appear as an epitaph on a stone in St. Michael's churchyard, Aberystwith, "to the memory of David Davies, blacksmith, late of this town:"

"My Sledge and Hammer lay reclined,
My Bellows too have lost their wind;
My Fire's extinct, my Forge decayed,
And in the dust my Vice is laid;
My Coal is burnt, my Iron gone,
My Nails are drove—my Work is done!"

You cease to be "a good fellow" the moment you refuse to do what other people wish you to do!

The young lady who "caught a gentleman's eye" has returned it because it had "a wee drop" in it!

Some genius says that there will be such facilities for travelling by-and-by, that you can go anywhere for nothing, and return for half-price!

A cigar is defined as a cylindrical roll of tobacco, with fire at one end and a fool at the other.

A certain Secretary of State, being asked why he did not promote merit, aptly replied, "because merit did not promote me!"

"One hears an immense deal about 'legal tenders,'" said Lord Brougham on one occasion, "but upon my word I never heard of anything *legal* yet, that was not very *hard* instead of tender."

The Way of the World.—First Boy: "Say, Bill, then you're a-gettin' a dollar a week now?"

Second Boy: "Well, you might ha' knowed that by seein' the fellers come soapin' around me that wouldn't notice me ven I was poor."

A sailor who had hired a violin-player to perform some airs, on being asked what tune he preferred, replied, "Neptune, you lubber, and so does every jolly tar!"

Miscellaneous.

A Horrible Scene.

Verger, the murderer of the Archbishop of Paris, was executed on the 30th of January, at 8 o'clock in the morning. He, it seems, had all along entertained hopes that his sentence would be commuted to banishment for life.

When his appeal was finally rejected, the chaplain undertook the sad task of imparting to him the news. A horrible scene ensued, which is thus described:

When the wretched man heard it, he raised himself on his pallet, then held his head down for some instants, and turned it about bewildered, as if he had awoke from some terrible dream. When he became conscious of what was passing, and when the dismal words that hope was no more were fully comprehended by him, he cried, "Impossible, impossible!" The chaplain repeated that, unfortunately, it was too true, and that all was over. At once he became excited, and his excitement rose to fury. "I will *not* die!" he shouted. "It is impossible that my appeal and pardon are both refused—impossible! I cling to life; my life is my own, and you have no right to take it from me!" The chaplain endeavored to calm and console him; but in vain. He refused to listen to his prayers, he broke out into violence, and reviled the priest with language similar to that which he had used before the Court of Assize. The Director of the Prison at length interfered. Verger cried, "Give me but an hour—an hour—but one hour—no more. I must write—I must send an express to the Emperor!" The Director told him it was impossible. "Impossible! no, I will not die! I will not—I will defend myself to the last! You may murder me in this cell, but from it I will not stir!" At those words he threw himself again on his bed, clung to it with head, hands and feet, and resisted all attempts to lift him. The jailors had to be called in, and they were obliged to put on his clothes by main force. During this operation, Verger made the greatest resistance, but finding all his efforts vain, he all of a sudden relaxed and fell into a state of prostration.

Is there a Maelstrom?

This question has again been raised by a correspondent of the Scientific American. Every schoolboy of the last century has been taught to believe that there is a wonderful vortex on the coast of Norway, with an eddy several miles in diameter, and that ships, and even huge whales, were sometime dragged within its terrible liquid coils, and buried forever "in ocean's awful depths."—The correspondent of the Scientific American says:

"I have been informed by a European acquaintance that the Maelstrom, that great whirlpool on the coast of Norway, laid down in all geographies, and of which we have heard such wonderful stories, has no existence. He told me that a nautical and scientific commission, composed of several gentleman appointed by the King of Denmark, was sent to approach as near as possible to the edge of the whirlpool, sail round it, measure its circumfrence, observe its action, and make a report. They went out, and sailed all around and all over where the Maelstrom was said to be, but could not find it; the sea was as smooth where the whirlpool ought to be as any other part of the German ocean."

We presume the above is correct.—The latest geographies and gazetteers barely allude to the maelstrom. Colton, in his large atlas, gives the site upon his map, but does not allude to it in his description of Norway. Harper's Gazetteer, in its article on Norway, says that "among the numerous islands on the west coast there are violent and irregular currents, which renders the coast navigation dangerous. Among these is the celebrated *Mal-Strom*, or Moskoums-Strom, the danger from which has been greatly exaggerated, since it can, at nearly all times be passed over, even by boats." The romance of the maelstrom has been pretty effectually destroyed.

Laying the Great Telegraph.

The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the U. S. steamers *Niagara* and *Mississippi* to proceed to England at the proper time this summer, to assist in laying down the sub-marine telegraph cable between Newfoundland and Ireland. The *Niagara* is the largest steam vessel of war in the world, and the *Mississippi* is the most powerful paddle-wheel steamer in our Navy. It is not known what two ships the English government will furnish to perform its part of the undertaking. The *Niagara* will receive on board at London or Liverpool one-half of the cable, and the other half will be put on board the naval propeller. A paddle-wheel steamer is to attend on the propeller for each nation, so that in case of accident the propellors may be taken in tow and proceed on the voyage. As justly remarked by the daily papers in chronicling the fact, "It is a sign of advancing civilization when the ships of war of these two great nations thus meet in mid-ocean, not for a naval battle, but in a peaceful effort to join the two hemispheres."—*Sci. Amer.*